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WAYSIDE FLOWERS,

GATHERED BY

"MAGGIE."

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GATHERED BY

"MAGGIE."

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RICHMOND, VA.:
WHITTET & SHEPPERSON, 1001 MAIN STREET.
1880.

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THESE

"WAYSIDE FLOWERS"

ARE TENDERLY, REVERENTLY,

DEDICATED

TO

A BELOVED MOTHER,

AND THE

MEMORY OF A SAINTED BROTHER.

PREFACE.

With strange reluctance and tender regret we launch our frail bark on the literary sea, knowing so well how utterly unable is all our great love to shield it from one blast of criticism's storm. We have culled these wayside blossoms amid varied scenes and circumstances. Some were gathered in gladness, some in sorrow, —oft-times the shadows which surrounded us and them tending to bind us yet closer in the bonds of an inexpressible affection. If they shed but a momentary fragrance on some shadowed life,

or throw a transient gleam of sunlight o'er a darkened pathway, their mission will be filled,—the writer content. Therefore, loosing the chart and compass, I let them drift out with the tide, praying God to grant them a safe voyage and happy anchorage, and asking all to remember 'tis but a girlish bard who sweeps the harp-strings: pause, and list her minstrelsy.

CONTENTS.

Dedication, ---- 6
Preface, ---- 8
Only Violets, ---- 13
A Girl's Sermon, ---- 14
October, ---- 16
To Mother, ---- 18
Only a Card in the Basket, ---- 20
What is Life? ---- 22
Lines in Reply to "What is Life?" ---- 24
The Old Homestead, ---- 25
Happy New Year, ---- 29
For an Album, ---- 31
Williamston, Past and Present, ---- 32
One Year Ago, ---- 39
A Leaflet, ---- 41
Only a Prayer, ---- 44
A Leaf from the Gallery of Memory, ---- 46
A Tribute of Esteem, ---- 55

Album Selections, ---- 57
Only Pansies, ---- 58
Carrier's Address, ---- 60
A Fragment, ---- 65
Lines for an Album, ---- 66
Friendship's Offering, ---- 67
Retrospection, ---- 69
A Fragment, ---- 71
Lines on a White Rose, ---- 73
"In my Father's House," ---- 74
No Night in Heaven, ---- 76
"Forsake the World and Follow Me," ---- 78
A Leaf from the Gallery of Memory, ---- 80
The County Monument, ---- 84
The Golden Locket, ---- 87
They are Waiting, ---- 89
A Fragment, ---- 91
The Prayer of the State, ---- 93
A Fragment, ---- 95
Spring, ---- 97
Baby's Prayer, ---- 98
Lines on a Sunset, ---- 100
Twilight Musings, ---- 101
A Tribute of Love, ---- 103
Rosabel, ---- 105
Musings, ---- 107
The Last Song, ---- 109

WAYSIDE FLOWERS,

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

ONLY VIOLETS.

Only violets, fragrant and blue,
Crowned with pearls of morning dew,
Telling of absent friend so true.

Only violets, but gathered for you;
And yet, my friend, you can't tell who
Gathered these violets; guess, now do.

Then let these violets typical be
Of the friendship pure I bear for thee
Love and keep them, just for me.

A GIRL'S SERMON.

I was thinking to-night of God's wond'rous love
For the children of men below;
How with pity He watched from His home above
Our wanderings to and fro.

Tenderly He guides our wayward feet
Into the narrow way;
Sinner and saint at the cross may meet—
To none will He say nay.

All erring lambs He gently takes
Into His loving arms;
All who plead for Jesus' sake
He shelters safe from harm.

"To love the Lord," God grant we may,
As angels do above;
Burying the sorrows we find by the way
In the sea of eternal love.

OCTOBER.

October with all its glorious beauty has swept away almost every trace of summer, and reigns the queen right royally. Her mornings dawn grand and lovely as the prayer of faith, her evenings gather softly 'round us like benedictions of the just. Her rainbow tinted forests and gorgeous sunsets; her falling leaves and starry twilights, all tell me in their own mystic way of Life, Death and Heaven: Life, with its fascinating joys, hopes and aspirations; Death, with its icy hand, sombre pall, and funeral pageantry; Heaven, that paradise of God, with its pearly gates and golden streets, having palms and crystal streams; no sighs there, neither tears, for all is love, joy, peace and rest. Of all the year it

is to me the psalm,—a tender, tremulous, soul-thrilling psalm of penitential love and thanksgiving, in which the voice of all nature joins, swelling in cadence of heavenly sweetness earth's *venite exultimus*.

TO MOTHER.

Life is short, but its checkered path
How many a weary winding hath;
Dear mother, lean heavier still on me,
Together we'll breast life's turbulent sea.

My arms are around thee, my hand in thine,
Your joys and your sorrows shall ever be mine;
The clouds are dark, but beyond 'tis light,
The dawning will break o'er the darkest night.

I know that with pain your hours are rife,
Each day and hour of your invalid life;
But hear you the Nazarene sweetly say,
"Truly thy strength shall be as thy day."

Together we'll kneel at Calvary's cross,
Finding His love,—count all else dross;
For, mother, the Shepherd forgets not His fold,
And not even a lamb leaves out in the cold.

ONLY A CARD IN THE BASKET.

'Twas only a card in the basket,
To tell that a friend was here,
Wishing and waiting to see me,—
A friend whom my heart holds dear.

It lay in the quaint little basket,
Of glittering silver and gold,
And told of a love and friendship
Which the world can never make cold.

This friend was a little lassie,
With a fair and delicate face;
In my heart of hearts she is imaged,
For all her winsome grace.

'Tis thus our life-path is brightened
And cheered by love's pure ray,
'Till we lose earth's shadows and sorrows
In the light of the golden day.

WHAT IS LIFE?

'Tis an earthly drama in which we all must act our parts; 'tis a surging sea wherein we're tossed at will of waves o'er ocean's crest; a summer sky with drifting clouds, whence midnight storms and sunshine come.

A hope,—a fear,—a joy,—a sorrow,—a light,—a shadow; a fleeting vapor, a short probation wherein to plant bright flowers by the wayside, to crown some life with beauty and fragrance, when perchance the hand which nursed them into bloom is cold and still, quietly folded o'er the pulseless breast, its mission fulfilled, its life-work ended, attesting with all the solemnity of death—what is Life?

Far across the emerald crowned hills, sighing through the forests of leafy green, borne on the flower-laden breath of Spring, through the deep hush of night cometh the solemn interrogation—What is Life?

LINES IN REPLY TO "WHAT IS LIFE?"

'Tis a little space of time,
To us allotted here below;
A snatch of song, a simple rhyme,
A funeral knell, a wail of woe.

A dream, a happy dream of love,
A hope, a sigh, a doubt, a fear;
If earth grows dark, 'tis bright above,
In heaven 'tis joy undimmed by tears.

What is life? 'Tis a surging sea,
Tossing our barks o'er its waters deep;
Yet a haven is open for you and me,—
The Shepherd will come for His waiting sheep.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

"WHO has not felt how sadly sweet that dream of home."

Oh! precious word, magic sesame, to which every human heart responsive vibrates,—what tender memories, what hallowed associations come thronging back as I lean once more on the time-honored gates, and gaze long and lovingly on each well-remembered scene!

Long, eventful years have passed over my head—years filled with joys and sorrows. Since, strange voices echoed through the dear old rooms, strange feet wandered through the winding paths, strange hands gathered the flowers we planted, and trained, perhaps less tenderly, the graceful vines which clamber in wild profusion over the grey stone walls of the old homestead.

I stand alone in the leaden grey of twilight, with olden memories gathering 'round me; thought speeds back through the dim avenue of years, deftly weaving a golden chain, linked here and there with jewels from the past, joys from the present, and hopes from the future. Fancy has swept with a magic hand the wondrous harp of memory, and music, now sadly sweet, now joyously jubilant, comes floating back o'er time's unbridged abyss. A young moon bursts from imprisoning clouds, bathing hill and dale in silvery sheen, resting as it were in benedictions on the gabled roof of my childhood's home; while stars, with glittering lamps hung out, await her majesty's behest; and still I linger. Is not this my home? This rare old spot, with flowers gay and forests dense, where songsters warble sweetest lays, where Mississippi's muddy waves unceasing roll, that bore my tiny boat like a frail toy on its bosom? Surely I must not leave this modern

Eden—this sacred spot which I was wont to call by the endearing name "home"?

Back rolls the chilling waters of stern reality, dispelling the bright, bright dream by words of fearful import—*it was*, but now another calls it home. Go hence, these flowers bloom no more for thee; these birdlings trill their gayest songs for other ears, and the turbulent river goes onward, ever onward, bearing other barks as it once did yours, chanting as it goes in cadence deep a solemn requiem. Dear, dear home, parting from thee is like leaving the tomb of a loved one, so sacred are the ties which bind me to thee. The unbroken family circle which was wont to gather around thy broad hearthstone as evening shades drew on, are long since scattered, widely scattered. Some have gone to gladden other homes by the sunlight of their presence, others have gone to their eternal home, whose builder and maker is God. Neither do

they sigh, oh! transient home, for thy sheltering walls and beauties rare, for their heart is filled with joy unutterable, and their lips give praise to the Lamb; neither will I mourn o'er futile hopes or treasures lost, but never, never will I forget thee, much loved home. Thou shalt be tenderly cradled in my heart, fondly rocked by memory, with a hymn of the past for thy lullaby.

No stranger's home can ever be
What thou hast been to me;
Though gorgeous in beauty, bright and gay,
I'll always love thy turrets grey.

Then fare thee well, my childhood's home,
Far away from thee must I roam;
I'll touch my guitar with reverent hand,
And sing of thee in thy Western land.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN TO SOME JOURNALISTIC FRIENDS.

FROM out the solemn quiet of my snow-clad home there cometh to you a New-Year's greeting. May joy, peace, and love fill your hearts, gladden your homes, and brighten the years which God may give you.

As journalists, may every effort of your versatile pens be crowned with perfect success, and your journalistic sun shed its genial rays throughout the length and breadth of our own bright land. For your paper, my first love, may its course be long, useful, and triumphant, and the star of its destiny never set.

Over all may the "Great I Am," even the meek and lowly Nazarene, shed that ineffable

peace which passeth all understanding and maketh glad the hearts of the children of men. Such is the wish which riseth in my heart and to my lips as I stand watching the mantle of light which the dawn of a new-born year is spreading over a sleeping world, and most sincerely I wish you a happy, happy New Year.

Long may you live, and happy be,
And life be like a summer sea,
Whereon your bark may gaily ride,
And sorrow's breakers ne'er betide.

May life be bright as a summer day,
Without a cloud to darken its way;
Blessings crown you, and all to you dear,
Is what I wish by a "Happy New Year."

FOR AN ALBUM.

We'll gather life's roses while we may;
Leave tears for the future,—be happy to day;
Grow glad 'neath the sun, forgetting the clouds
Which so often our sunlight with shadows enshroud.

Yes, gratefully gather the roses of life,
Forgetting the cares with which it is rife;
If there must be a winter for you and I,
Remember that springtime comes by and by.

WILLIAMSTON,

PAST AND PRESENT.

What a grand, perfect day it is. There is a Sabbath-like hush on the dear old hills, broken now and then by a strain of entrancing melody from the throat of some courageous mocking-bird, who, anticipating the glories of summer, thus gives utterance to its joy. Verily the day is a perfect psalm, overflowing with promissive beauties and blessings; so perfect, in fact, that we have eschewed the household gods, and are here sitting on the steps of the old bridge, where rest and quiet hold genial sway.

From afar comes the musical ring of the smith's anvil, and the distant tapping of busy hammers, telling that dormant energies no longer latent lie.

Softly fall the fountain's crystal waters into its basin of "granite so grey," overflowing which, it wends its way to the bright streamlet beyond, and together they wind their way like a silver ribbon through brake and fallow. "Though men may come and men may go, they go on forever." As they flow on thought flows back, and we think of the time when Williamston was an unbroken forest. As that was long before we had entered upon life's busy stage, its history comes back to us through the dim shaded avenues of the past, enshrouded with all the halo of romance and the glamour of tradition; but let me tell the tale to you as 'twas told to me.

It was during the year 1845, when the site now graced by the pretty village of Williamston was a dense wood, where squirrels gamboled and birds sang undisturbed by even the sight of a sportsman in his "Lincoln greën," that Mr. Allen Williams, the proprietor of said woods, and the

honored gentleman from whom Williamston derives its name, was strolling through his domain, being weary with the heat and the unusual distance which he had walked, threw himself down to rest on the green sward. Overcome with fatigue he fell asleep, and dreamed a very remarkable dream. Upon awakening he recounted the dream to a little lad who accompanied him. I cannot remember the exact words, but it ran in this wise: He dreamed he saw the gigantic trees laid low and picturesque cottages rise in their stead; he heard an incessant roar accompanied by clang of bells; this he predicted would be the graceful monument of steam sweeping its dizzy train through the prospective town, converting the wilderness into a busy commercial mart. But most wonderful of all, in his dream he saw a sparkling spring, which, from its great medicinal properties, would be as the balm of Gilead for the healing of many nations. Having finished

relating his dream, he looked around for water wherewith to quench his thirst, and beheld at but a short distance a tiny pool. He stooped to drink, and lo! was found the "Mineral Spring." Some months after this Mr. Williams had the water analyzed, and it was found to contain valuable medicinal qualities. The present park was then enclosed, the spring crowned with a neat granite basin, and donated as a gift to the village which was still in prospective.

Mr. Williams was generous to a fault, and many were the recipients of his lavish bounty. He likewise presented lots to the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist denominations, whereon our churches now stand, commemorative monuments of his generosity. 'Tis a happy thought to know the good man lived to see the realization of his wonderful dream. The little village rose in all its rural beauty, the shrill whistle of the incoming train broke the solemn stillness of

shadowy eve, and strangers flocked to the wondrous spring. Long ago the dreamer has passed away; but so long as flows the crystal water of the spring he discovered, so long will his name be reverentially remembered. "*Requiescat in pace.*"

We would that we could enhance the attractions of our "Auburn." We all admit that the summers are the brightest bits of coloring in the year's landscape. They bring us old friends and new acquaintances, and sometimes "Prince Charming" comes to town. Really the summer season is quite as much of an event to us (though of a more pleasing character) as the "English ships" were to the quiet farmer of "Grand Pre."

Our park is always pleasant, just the place to read and enjoy "David Copperfield," whose chief charm to me is that grand, majestic character, "Mr. Peggotty." Have we not all seen just such

true nobility; true, 'tis found in devious paths, sometimes in the humblest garb, gracing with its grand simplicity the lowest walks of life; again 'tis found in the pulpit, at the bar, 'neath kingly crown and ducal coronet; but wherever 'tis found, with bowed head we acknowledge its presence, as we say with reverent lips, by the hand of nature and the grace of God a gentleman. Then in the glad springtime, when the air is tremulous with song of birds and drowsy hum of subtle insect minstrelsy, we love to read the musical strains of the "Poet Laureate," and the heart-touching melodies of our beloved American bard, "Longfellow."

Yes, every tree in this old park has for us some tender association, every rustic bench its story. We love it at all times, but more especially in the early grey of dawn, when the earth is sandaled with dew, or "when the day is done, and the steeping sun upgathers his spent shafts

and puts them back into his golden quiver," as twilight's purple shadows slowly gather.

When after noon the setting sun,
With banners of gold illumine the West:
When all the glories of day are done,
And stars illumine night's sable crest.

ONE YEAR AGO.

A tribute of love, consecrated to the sainted memory of a darling niece, ROSA BELL BIGBY, whose brief life faded just as the dawn of a new day was struggling into existence.

ONE year ago, just one to-night,
Since to God our darling we gave;
And roses scatter their leaves so white,
Over Rosa Bell's little grave.

How dark the homestead seems to me;
How I miss the baby so bright,
With dimpled cheeks and heart of glee,
And eyes of lambent light.

With golden rings of sunny hair
Crowning the baby head,

Straying over the brow so fair,
Can it be that she is dead?

Dead! ah, tears of sorrow tell,
As they fall at thought of the day,
And a shadow o'er the homestead fell,
When the angels took Rosa away.

One year ago to-night, just one,
Since baby fell gently to sleep;
We bow 'neath the rod: God's will be done,
In His arms our darling He'll keep.

A LEAFLET.

The last rays of a lingering sunset have faded in the west, and darkness gathers slowly around; a young moon speeds in her triumphal car o'er heaven's bright landscape, with myriads of glittering stars attendant in her train. The notes of a solitary bird is heard from a neighboring forest, breaking the solemn stillness of the night with its wild song, while over the distant hills cometh the low wailing of autumnal winds, sighing with prophetic sadness, Summer is fading, fading, with all her glorious beauty, her happy associations, her joys and sorrows, her loves and friendships, her lights and shadows. All must pass with thee,

bright, beautiful summer, across the dark river of time,

> Where summer fades and flowerets die,
> While nature weeps and angels sigh.

And autumn sings thy requiem, soft and low as sound of golden harpsichord swept by angelic hands. I pause to think how many of us have done aught during this happy regal summer to advance the glory of our Father's kingdom; how many of us have spoken words of love and comfort to crushed and grief-stricken hearts; how many of us have entered lowly homes and read to aged servants of God His precious promises; how many of us have dispelled one dark cloud of sorrow, or made for any one ray of sunshine. Ah! how many indeed have obeyed the divine edict, "Bear ye one another's burden, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

May this bright, beautiful, fleeting summer,

typical in its evanescent loveliness of life's brief span, be to us a faithful monitor, and though pleasures dazzle and syrens sing, may we turn firmly away, and live

> "Nearer, my God, to thee,
> Nearer to thee."

Then, when the short summer of life is ended, may we all stand within the pearly gates of the Celestial City, where the glorious summer of eternity reigns;

> Where flowerets neither fade nor die,
> Nor nature weep, nor angels sigh;
> No clouds, no storms, no long, dark night,
> For Jesus reigns, the King, the Light.

ONLY A PRAYER.

Only a prayer from childish lips,
Yet the prayer was uttered for me;
Breaking the stillness of twilight deep,
'Twill a precious remembrance be.

The bended knee, the low bowed head,
The half closed eyes of deepest blue;
And angels heard the prayer that was said,
By those ruby lips from that heart so true.

Little he knew of the doubts and fears
His loving prayer might help to avert;
I cannot refrain from dropping a tear
When my thoughts to that prayer revert.

With all a child's pure, holy love,
With a faith so beautiful to see,
That prayer went up to the throne above,
That child's pure prayer for me.

Bless mamma, papa, sisters three,
And baby brother so bright;
Bless everybody, and then bless me;
But bless, bless Maggie to-night.

The weary hands dropped softly down,
The child was fast asleep;
Night reigns, the stillness is profound,
And angels their vigils keep.

A LEAF FROM THE GALLERY OF MEMORY.

The golden glory of an October sunset lingers lovingly o'er the distant hill tops, pierces with its glittering shafts the placid bosom of the little streamlet beyond, dotted with the early fallen leaves, and rests as if in benediction on the stately spire of yon little church—Kenneth's church; so I always called it, for he preached his first, aye, and last sermon there, in that little ivy crowned church. What a flood-tide of memories sweep over my heart as I sit and watch the golden glories of this gorgeous sunset make lights on the hill tops and shadows in the valley! Kenneth's church is in the valley, and except the little halo

which rests on the spire, the church, like unto his young life, is wrapped in shadow. Brave, handsome Kenneth. We were boys together, Kenneth and I; together we left the white cliffs of Albion; together we explored the snow-clad regions of our Canadian home. Students together, graduated together, and together turned our faces southward to preach the glad tidings,—strangers in a strange land. Friends from boyhood, circumstances drew the bonds still closer, till our love for each other was like unto that of David and Jonathan.

I seem to see him to-night just as he used to stand in our little room, leaning in his own careless grace against the mantle, one arm resting thereon, looking out into the distance with that far off, wistful expression in his wondrous eyes. Then sweeping back the dark curling hair from his broad, white brow, he would lay that delicate, womanly hand of his on my shoulder, in his gentle,

caressing way, and say, "We will strive, Bob, to make ourselves worthy of this our great life work." Ah, Kenneth! I always knew you were a great man, and yet, looking back through the lapse of years, with the matured judgment which years have brought me, I see you were far greater than your loving, trusting friend ever dreamed. A man endowed with rare beauty and still rarer genius, with a heart worthy of both, was my friend Kenneth Forbes; but born of a consumptive family, he was possessed of an inherent delicacy which little fitted him to stem the rough current of life.

How often when sermonizing I would rack my brain for an idea, while his pen would glide rapidly on, scattering golden-linked pearls of thought with as much ease and rapidity as a flower dispels its gems of dew. And this man of rare genius, added to his unequalled personal attractions, with a heart as noble and pure as

one of God's angels, loved a fair, fickle woman, who counted her conquests as a savage warrior does his scalps. How I strove by every art to weaken the syren's chain, but all in vain. Once, just once, I dared to remonstrate with him. Strong in all else, he was a child in this; not one doubt of her love could I make him believe; loyal as a king himself, he believed her to be a true fulfilment of pure, beautiful womanhood, which, when a woman does fulfil, she could ask of God no higher destiny; but when she stoops to trifle with the affection of man, made in the image of his Creator, to such we think even God Himself can scarce be pitiful.

Poor Kenneth! his infatuation was complete. Every laurel, and they were many, won by his rare genius, was laid at her feet, and the shrine you see was unworthy the offering. "Bob," he would say, with that winning smile lighting up his handsome face, "she is my Alpine rose, which I

have scaled the giddy glaciers to cull, and I wear it as my proudest laurel."

But the end soon came. 'Twas a fair June night, and a young moon's tender light hung its silver mist o'er earth and sea. I had gone down to the shore to watch the tide go out, and hear, like little "Paul," what the wild waves were saying. Thought sped far o'er the dim waters to my Canadian home, to the little boat which lay anchored by the margin of the silver lake, and I was sighing for the Lakeland far away. A step drew near; 'twas Kenneth. A moment more and the hand came down on my shoulder in its old caressing way; I knew he was in trouble, for that was always his way.

"What is it, Kenneth?"

"My dream is over, Bob; my Alpine rose is dead."

And then I knew the end had come; she had been amused sufficiently, and my poor friend had

been the toy of which when tired she had thrown aside, with the same heartlessness as she would have discarded a faded flower.

From that fair June night we never alluded to the bitter subject. We studied and worked together, but the joyous light never came back to the handsome face of my friend. The exposure to which we were subjected, the heavy blow which had been dealt him by a hand so well loved, were telling on the delicate frame, and I who knew him so well saw that the hour of parting would soon come.

More than a year sped by, and October with its sighing winds and falling leaves had come. The Sabbath dawned grandly beautiful, and the silvery chimes of Sabbath bells broke the solemn stillness as Kenneth and I walked down the rugged hillside to yon same little church, and entered for the last time its well-remembered pulpit.

A large and reverent congregation gathered, for the hearts of the people turned to their beloved preacher like flowers to the sun. Kenneth was more like the Kenneth of old, and as he rose to preach, grasped my hand and whispered, "Bob, pray for me." An answering pressure of the hand, and he rose and read in his own musical voice the solemn text, "We all do fade as a leaf."

Never, never can I forget that sermon. Kenneth was always eloquent, but to-day 'twas as if his heart had been touched with the fire of inspiration. Earth seemed afar, and heaven so very near, that angels seemed to stoop and say, "*Benedicite.*"

When we neared home I observed an unusual pallor on his face.

"Sick, Kenneth?"

"No, Bob; only tired."

And so the day passed on. Kenneth, in an-

swer to all inquiries, would only say "so tired." Near sunset he called me.

"Put your arms around me, Bob, just as you used to do in the old boyish days."

With what unspeakable tenderness I folded my arms around him, and pressed the dear head to my breast, with a heart too full for utterance.

"Dear, true Bob; brave heart, which ever beat in love for me."

"Don't, Kenneth; we are all the world to each other; don't, don't leave me;" and the tears which I had so long struggled to keep back would fall despite me.

"Hush, Bob, you must not grieve for me; death is the fair, sweet summer morning for which I have long sighed; and you must go on, Bob, with my work and yours till the Master says up higher. Now pet me, Bob, just as you would a tired child."

And as I softly stroked the dark, curling hair,

the old light came back to the beautiful eyes, the old winning smile hovered on the handsome mouth, and Kenneth went home, bearing golden sheaves to lay down at the Saviour's feet.

Just beyond that quiet city of the dead a marble shaft bears the inscription, "Kenneth Forbes, Devon, England, aged 21."

The sunset has faded, every golden gleam has vanished, while the hill tops and valley, the silver streamlet, the marble shaft, me, and the little church, all are wrapped in shadows.

A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM.

To Governor Hampton, whose name has been on our lips and in our prayers since the opening of the campaign, this tribute is respectfully dedicated, by a daughter of the realm.

Bards of Carolina, thy harps awake,
Of chivalrous Hampton sing;
He comes to guide the ship of state,
And into harbour bring.

Safely he'll pilot her over the sea,
Where long she has tossed in waters deep;
Her guide and compass, her day star he'll be,
And sacred vigilance over her keep.

Tyranny's dark days of sorrow are past,
The dawn of redemption breaks;

Democracy reigns triumphant at last,
And Hampton will govern the State.

Then loud let the joy-bells of victory ring,
While Hampton as Governor we greet;
Tributes of love let every heart bring,
And lay at his Excellency's feet.

Long mayest thou live to rule our land,
And happy mayest thou be,
Till at God's call thou leavest the strand,
To cross the jasper sea.

ALBUM SELECTIONS.

Gentle, lovely, winsome friend,
I happy greeting to thee send;
And with the greeting softly blend
This little prayer:
May'st thou be happy all thy days,
Love's sunlight chase all clouds away,
For this, and more, does gently pray
Your absent friend.

May richest blessings from above
Crown your pathway, friend so dear,
And life be one long dream of love,
Undimmed by shadow, sigh, or tear.

ONLY PANSIES.

Only pansies, with golden hearts,
Pierced by sunlight's glittering darts;
Only pansies, with purple tips,
Beautiful pansies, with dew-kissed lips.

Tenderly we kneel at their lovely bed,
In adoration bending the head,
As we gather their blossoms sweet and fair,
To wilt in the massive waves of our hair.

Precious pansies, heralds of spring,
A wealth of fragrance you ever bring;
I'll nestle a few in this tie of lace,
Just here, sweet pansies, close to my face.

Only pansies, but sweeter to me
Than rarest tropical flowers could be;
Let us gather the pansies while we may,
As they gild with beauty life's rugged way.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

A CARRIER-BOY with happy face,
I make my bow with boyish grace;
My heart with joy is gaily beating
As I extend this Christmas greeting.

"Barkis is willin'," but what to say
I scarcely know; so, friends, I pray
Your clemency for this one time,
Lest I fail in sense and rhyme.

Twelve long months have rolled away;
Some they have saddened, some made gay;
Graves have been made in dear hallowed spots,
Where loved hands plant forget-me-nots;

Some have gone forth from their childhood's home,
To gladden with lovelight a home of their own;
Some have gone forth to win and to wear
A chaplet of laurels on their brow so fair;
And some have gone home to dwell above,
In that fair paradise of love.
I still go my humble way along,
And sing the carrier's annual song:
'Tis simple I know, dear readers, and yet
The song nor the singer would I have you forget.

Time's circling hours cease not to roll
Through summer's heat or winter's cold;
And twelve months on her magic chart
Have changes made in this same mart.
Stilled have been many pattering feet,
Beneath death's solemn winding sheet,
And little stockings are folded away,
No more to be filled on Christmas day.

Yet why so sad my simple rhyme?—
I scarcely know, save just some time
The heart remembers all that's sad,
And yet remembers all that's glad;
For every life must have its sorrow,
As every day has a to-morrow.

Long years ago, on this eventful day,
A babe in Bethlehem's manger lay,
While wise men brought their trophies meet,
And knelt at the new-born Saviour's feet.
Since then, on this glad, happy day,
Saints and sinners meet to pray,
While church-bells ring their joyous chime,
Telling the world 'tis Christmas time;
When moonlight shadows softly creep
Through silent grove and quiet street,
When darkness with the daylight blends,
And homeward every footstep tends;

Then festive lights begin to burn,
And stars send out their light in turn;
Joy's tidal wave spreads far and wide,—
May all God's creatures feel the tide.

May all be happy on this glad day,
The carrier-boy does softly pray;
And the motto which we keep in sight—
Be "Trust in God, and do the right."

Again I hear the glorious chime,
Telling the world 'tis Christmas time;
And the olden story comes back again
As I think of the far-off Judean plain—
Of the wise men travelling from afar,
Guided by Bethlehem's glorious star,
Till with joy ecstatic their Lord they greet,
And worship at His and Mary's feet.

For patience kind I now thank you,
And gracefully bid you all adieu;
Go, make some heart glad on this dear day,
And don't forget the carrier's lay.

Like "Tiny Tim," my task is done,—
Like him I'll say, "God bless each one."

A FRAGMENT.

Written on seeing a classmate suddenly stricken down while in the full flush of girlish beauty and loveliness.

Can this be death?—this placid brow,
This heavenly smile upon the face;
Has soul from body parted now,
And does it leave no fearful trace?

Aye, this is death;—so cold, so still,—
These folded hands, this pulseless breast,
This solemn hush, this fearful chill
Tells us the loved one is at rest.

Sad hearts, break not; cease thy weeping;
She has only gone before,
And will meet you at the turning,
As you near the golden shore.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

Wreathe with the beautiful roses of love
Every cross which darkens life's way;
Be tender and true as the angels above,
Who dwell in endless day.

Then, in the Lamb's great Book of Life,
Bright shall thy record be,
When, done with earthly cares and strife,
You cross the jasper sea.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

I've gathered these flowers, my friend, for you ;
They are glittering with early morning dew;
And though their beauty will fade away,
Keep them in memory of this day.

There are roses sweet, and Heliotrope, too,
Jessamines white, and Violets blue ;
Lovely Geraniums, and Fuschias white,
Glittering in beauty like stars of the night.

They come expressing my joy to meet,
And with extended hand to greet
One whose friendship, like a beacon star,
Ever gleams brightly, though its home is afar.

Friends we have ever been, I and you,
"Weighed in the balance" and found true;
Friends in the sunlight of joy's dazzling light,
Friends still truer in sorrow's dark night.

Friends may we ever be, true and tried,
And anchor at last on the other side,
Where angels sweep their harps and sing,
Glory to the new born King.

RETROSPECTION.

I STAND on the shore of the present;
I look to the shore of the past;
Earth's joys are all evanescent—
Bright, beautiful, but cannot last.

To our earthly idols we fondly cling,
Yet we know they are but clay;
To earthly shrines our offerings bring,
Though we must fade, and they.

The brightest hope, the fairest flower,
Blooms brightly but to die;
Ambition, fame, wealth, and power
Pass away like a zephyr's sigh.

Then own no shrine save Jesus' cross;
There all thy offerings bring;
Refine thy soul from every dross,
Own Him thy sovereign King.

A FRAGMENT.

And must I say good-bye! oh, cruel fates!
And yet I know for me there waits
A gentle mother.
The days to me so short and bright,
Illumined by love's own dazzling light,
To her are sad and lonely.

The flowers droop, they fade and die;
My love and care, for it they sigh,
And I must homeward,
To gently raise their drooping crests,
And cheer the heart that loves me best,
Above all others.

Oh, worthy theme for poet's pen,
Oh, wondrous gift of God to men,—
A mother's love.

LINES ON A WHITE ROSE.

Oh ! my beautiful rose so white—
My peerless virgin queen,—
Through autumn's clouds a rift of light,
Thy royal beauty is seen.

Thy grateful fragrance cheers my heart,
And smiles to my lips does it bring,—
Bids all shadows, all cares depart,
While joy bells sweetly ring.

Oh ! precious rose of snowy white,
For me wilt thou ever bloom,
Till I sleep at last 'neath daisies bright,
Then scatter thy leaves o'er my tomb.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE."

In my Father's house, just over the way,
No twilight shadows the glories dim;
'Tis always beautiful golden day
For those who dwell therein with Him.

In my Father's house, oh! happy thought,
A place is prepared for you and me;
His precious blood our ransom bought;—
Sinner, He died for me and thee.

Then come to Jesus while you may;
He will your loving Father be;
Hear Him softly, sweetly say,
"World-worn pilgrim, come to Me."

Many mansions, He says, are there,
And when our earth tasks here are done,
To that paradise divinely fair
The Father bids His children come ;—

Just beyond, where streets all golden
Await the weary feet ;
Where the angels' glad hallelujahs
Way-worn pilgrims greet.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

No NIGHT in heaven! oh, blessed thought,
With countless precious memories fraught!
There everlasting day will shine,
And Jesus reign the King divine.

No night in heaven,—no weary sigh,—
All sorrows cease, all tears are dry;
Pain, care and toil have passed away;
In heaven above 'tis endless day.

No night in heaven, no long dark night;
Even there the blind receive their sight.
O Paradise, what tongue can tell
The bliss, the joy, in thee to dwell!

No night in heaven, no night of gloom;
No mourner sad, no silent tomb;
But starry crowns of radiant gems,
E'en immortality's proud diadems.

Ah! there our loved ones we will meet,
And walk the glittering, golden street;
While Jesus reigns the King, the Light,
In heaven, thank God, there is no night.

"FORSAKE THE WORLD AND FOLLOW ME."

'Tis the Father speaks,—mortal, obey;
Heed the warning while you may;
Hear and obey that Father's plea,—
"Forsake the world and follow Me."

Forsake the world,—oh! will you not?
And with Christ's people cast your lot;
Jesus says, "Come, My children be;
Forsake the world and follow Me."

For you He gave His only Son;
For you He said, "Thy will be done;"
And in return He asks of thee,—
"Forsake the world and follow Me."

Harps are swept by angel hands,
The anthem chanted by seraphic bands;
Turn from sin,—to Jesus flee,—
"Forsake the world and follow Me."

A LEAF FROM THE GALLERY OF MEMORY.

Night, in all her solemn loveliness,
O'er my heart a shadow cast;
Brings before me, oh! how vividly,
Olden memories of the past.

Almost eleven years to-night since the sword of war slept in its scabbard, and green grows the turf o'er the graves of our fallen heroes. Eleven years! how time speeds on in its relentless flight! How many changes have occurred in those few, brief, fleeting years?—how many vacant chairs have they made at our firesides?—how many shadows have they cast around our hearthstones?—and

how many veterans have they left of that noble band, the gallant and faithful, tried and true, Thirteenth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers? Far be it from me to speak disparagingly of any individual or command who rallied 'neath the banner of our sunbright land; for my heart warms to the so called rebels, and my hand is extended in cordial friendship; but pen is inadequate to express the exalted admiration, the reverential love, I have for the old Thirteenth. It was in its glorious service that an only, idolized brother fought and fell; its honor was the pride of his heart, its praise his theme in life, its victory his cry in death; and through the solemn hush of night these slumbering memories come thronging back, clustering with sad and happy associations of the long ago; and it almost seems as if

> "Time, indeed, had turned back in its flight,
> And that I am a child again, just for to-night,"—

The veritable child which a few years ago sat

on the knee of the brave and lamented Col. Edwards, in the old Newberry depot, listening with childish eagerness as he told wondrous stories of his "boys in grey," whose prowess he said was equalled by none. And when I, unable to conceal my child heart's yearning to see the face of that loved brother, who was far away on tented field, would shed bitter tears of disappointment, he would brush them gently away, caress my brown head softly, and tell me in his own tender way of the "God of battles," who watched over the soldier in the distant camp, and "kept guard when the army was sleeping," and would ever be their "shield and buckler, their stay and refuge," in fiercest storm of shot and shell.

Eleven years! and Willie and his brave Colonel sleep their dreamless sleep; the Colonel is laid to rest in his native church-yard, 'mid the graves of his kindred, while Willie's golden head is

pillowed far away on hostile soil, where no loved hand may plant floweret sweet or drop a precious tear. But it matters not,

> They have crossed the river and stand on the shore,
> Waiting to welcome their comrades o'er.

May the gallant Thirteenth, at that last great day, stand with unbroken ranks, and the golden gates be opened wide as they pass through under the glorious banner of eternal love, owning the great "I Am" their loyal Leader, Sovereign, King.

> While angels sweep their harps and sing,
> Glory to the eternal King;
> And voices join, ten thousand ten,
> Peace on earth, good will toward men.

THE COUNTY MONUMENT.

'Tis a simple heart offering, tenderly, reverently dedicated to the memory of our sainted dead, and the surviving veterans of "The loved Lost Cause."

A GRATEFUL people, we come to-day
This last sad rite to sadly pay
Our loved and lost;
And on that shaft inscribed we see
The names so dear to thee and ME
Of those who died.

Oh, stately shaft of marble white,
Fit emblem of that honor bright
Thou dost commemorate;

The honor of our stainless dead,
O'er whose graves wild flowers shed
Their fragrance sweet.

By woman's work this shaft was reared,
And consecrated by her tears—
Oh, laurels rare!
Fit tribute for a soldier's tomb—
A star to gild the deepest gloom,
To gild e'en this fair shrine.

Oh! memory bells, how sad ye ring,
As back so vividly ye bring
The bitter past!
While hearts, grown old with care,
Sadly turn to the vacant chair
Of him who ne'er came back.

Never came back, says the whispering breeze;
Never came back, say the falling leaves;
Never came back;

But we turn with pride to their stainless crest,
And softly murmur, God knew best
The way for us and them.

Green be the memory of our soldiers brave,
Sleeping far off in honored grave
Their dreamless sleep;
They have crossed the river and stand on the shore,
Waiting to welcome their comrades o'er
To paradise and God.

And that time nor tide may not efface,
Upon this shaft with love we trace
Their names and where they fell;
Their banners are furled, their swords are sheathed,
But their names with deathless fame are wreathed,
Our own illustrious dead.

THE GOLDEN LOCKET.

'Twas only a locket of rare old gold,
Chased so quaintly queer ;
But it gleamed on the throat of a maiden fair,
With soul-lit eyes and curling hair,
And form of peerless grace.

To her it was a priceless gem,
Her talisman of light ;
For, concealed within its golden case,
A proud and handsome manly face
For four long years had been.

As she stood alone in her beauty bright,
And kissed with ruby lips
That handsome face, with its genius rare,
She dropped a tear and breathed a prayer
For a star which had suddenly set.

Then softly she loosed the ribbon blue
Which held her treasure dear,
And passionately pressed it to her breast,
Then tenderly laid it away to rest,
Till graves give up their dead.

THEY ARE WAITING.

They are waiting, father, waiting,
Over on the golden shore;
There to welcome, there to welcome
Thee with joy forevermore.

Dimpled hands to thee are reaching,
Through the gates of gleaming pearl,
Ruby lips, a sermon preaching,—
Father's angel boy and girl.

They are telling, sweetly telling,
Of the Saviour's matchless love;
In glory they with Him are dwelling,
In that priceless home above.

We are coming, darlings, coming,
When our life tasks here are o'er,
Meet us, loved ones, at the turning,
As we reach the golden shore.

A FRAGMENT.

'Twas only a coin of antique make,
Given a token for friendship's sake,
To ever keep;
To keep in memory of that day,
When two friends parted, each their way
In life to wend.

Each had their mission there to fill,—
To nobly do their Master's will,
In every field;
Whether He bid them toil or bide,
In noonday heat or eventide,
As He should will.

Our life is made of link on link,
Unbroken till we near the brink
Of the river deep;
Even then does friendship take our hand,
Safe leads us to the border land,
And for us weep.

THE PRAYER OF THE STATE.

Commemorative of the 26th of October, and is respectfully dedicated to the Democratic Clubs of South Carolina.

HUSH ! 'tis the solemn sound of a bell,
Calling all people to pray,
For the welcome sound of tyranny's knell,
And the dawn of liberty's day.

Be still ! while the prayer of a down-trodden state
Is ascending to God on high ;
For deliverance from her cruel fate,
For redemption hear her cry.

She pleads high heaven her chains to break,
Her exiles home to bring ;

Her sons to guide the ship of state,
While freedom's anthems ring.

This sunny land is ours by right,
From its swamps to its mountains blue;
And that right must triumph over might,
The oppressor will surely find true.

From star-jeweled heaven the angels bend,
To hear Carolina's plea:
May victory's shouts the air soon rend,
And Carolina at last be free.

Father, our hearts go up as one
In prayer for our mother state;
Oh! grant that her trials are almost done,
We plead for Jesus sake.

A FRAGMENT.

FAR over the hills there cometh to me,
A warbling sound, like the sound of the sea ;
'Tis music dear to this heart of mine ;
'Tis the low sad song of the stately pine.

When the beauteous dawn of spring time breaks,
When a sleeping world once more awakes,
Thy music so low, like a maiden's sigh,
Will come wafted on perfumed zephyrs by.

In the solemn hush of twilight's hour,
'Tis then I feel thy magic power,
Standing alone 'mid the forest dim,
Dreaming of all the bright laurels I'll win.

Fame to a woman is worthless leaves ;—
All the laurels I ask are these :
In the hearts of those I love a place,
Which time nor tide cannot efface.

And oh ! may affection's holy gleam
Brighten my life with its heavenly sheen ;
These are the laurels I pray may be mine,
As I list to thy plaintive song, O pine.

SPRING.

When will earth in beauty wake,
And winter's ice-bound barriers break?
When flowers bloom and birdlings sing,
To gentle, winsome, cheery spring.

I see her footprints on the hills,
I hear her voice in murmuring rills;
Soon o'er the earth she'll graceful fling
The royal garb of lovely spring.

Then flowers will raise their drooping heads,
Flowers that we have long deemed dead,
To gladden the world with beauty bright,
After the winter's long, dark night.

BABY'S PRAYER.

Lowly bowed the golden head,
Reverently bent the dimpled knee,
And the sweet lips softly said,
"Gentle Jesus, pity me."

Pity thee! oh, sinless child,
Kneeling in thy robes so white!
Yes, a Saviour meek and mild
Hears the baby's prayer to-night.

And bright spirits He will send—
Guardian angels they will be;
Jesus is the children's Friend,
He will love and pity thee.

How oft through life's long, chequered way,
When tossing o'er life's troubled sea,
World-worn pilgrims sadly say,
"Gentle Jesus, pity me."

When from His fold we chance to stray,
Of His commands forgetful be,
Let us, like baby, softly pray,
"Gentle Jesus, pity me."

LINES ON A SUNSET.

THERE are clouds of amber and gold in the west,
Beautiful clouds are they,
Where the sun has been softly cradled to rest,
At the close of a golden day.

Yet see—they fade, those gorgeous clouds,
Into a leaden grey,
As evening, with her sombre shroud,
Veils the face of day.

Now soft winds sweep the zephyr's harp;
One glittering star I see,
As nightfall wraps its shadows dark
Around the world and me.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I've been gathering ferns on the hill side,
  Ferns of the loveliest green ;
They grow deep down in the shadow,
  The clefts of rocks between.

I mused, as I gathered the treasures,
  Of one who had long been dead,
And fancied I heard the leaves rustle
  'Neath the weight of his manly tread.

He had taught me to climb grey hill tops,
  To list the thunder's fierce roar,
To skim in a boat o'er the water,
  My laugh keeping time with his oar.

Then we gathered ferns from the hill side,
In rear of the dear old home;
But far, far away he lies sleeping,
And the ferns I gather alone.

But their delicate fronds, as I press them,
Each whisper this sermon to me:
Wait thou in patience and meekness;
Thy peerless brother thou'lt see.

Just beyond, where are streets all golden,
Awaiting the weary feet,
Where the angels' glad hallelujahs
Way-worn pilgrims greet.

These thoughts come to me in the gloaming,
When the harp of memory plays,
Like "Allan Bane," prophetic bard,
Sweet songs of by-gone days.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE.

Consecrated to the sainted memory of EULALIE GRENEKER, a precious rosebud, early culled for the Lord of Paradise.

ONE more little baby bark
Has crossed the river deep;
Its waters were very cold and dark
For the little dimpled feet.

Through the long day and silent night
You will miss those pattering feet;
But Eulalie shines a star of light,
For the Master's crown made meet.

'Tis a beauteous bud, the Master said;
Go, gather it, angels, for Me.

They answered, 'Tis already dead
We bring it, Lord, to Thee.

And Jesus stood on the golden strand,
And bade the baby come;
So we meekly kissed the folded hands,
And said, "God's will be done."

ROSABEL.

Like a lily rudely brushed,
Like a hare-bell early crushed,
Lay in death's deep, awful hush,
Darling Rosabel

Through the river, dark and deep,
Went the dimpled baby feet;
But the Saviour came to meet
Angel Rosabel.

Wintry winds did sadly sigh;
Hearts were breaking; God drew nigh;
For He heard that bitter cry,—
"Rosabel! Rosabel!"

Winter's snows fall soft and white
O'er a little grave to-night,
Where sleeps the beauteous baby bright,
Rosabel, Rosabel.

MUSINGS.

I'm thinking, as I watch the stars gleam out,
Like jewels on the bosom of night,
Am thinking, and thinking,—am lost in doubt,—
Will our record be dark or bright?

Who of us, I wonder, has gatherd a gem,
That will one day shine in a crown;
Or shall we, like the virgins ten,
Not all be gathered 'round?

To our earthly idols how fondly we cling,
Yet we know that they are but clay!
To earthly shrines our offerings bring,
Though we must fade and they.

The brightest hope, the fairest flower,
Blooms brightly but to die;
Ambition, fame, and wealth and power,
Pass away like a zephyr's sigh.

Then strive to brighten the hearts and homes
Which God in His goodness has given;
Hallow with love the sacred hearthstone,
Dearer than all, save heaven.

Wreath with the beautiful roses of love
Every cross which darkens life's way;
Be tender and true, as the angels above,
Who dwell in endless day.

Then in the Lamb's great book of life
Bright shall our record be,
When, done with earthly toil and strife,
We cross the jasper sea.

THE LAST SONG.

'Twas the last night before the momentous battle of Gettysburg, the last night in June, that glorious month of roses; but far beyond the perfume of her flower-laden breezes slept Lee's grand army.

THE moon, in her solemn beauty bright,
Looked down on the tented field;
Glittering cold 'neath her lambent light,
Shone swords of burnished steel.

Sentinels paced their weary round,
Their comrades wrapped in sleep;
Night reigned; the stillness was profound,
While stars their vigils keep.

Two soldiers sat from the rest apart;
They talked of home, and of to-morrow;
Of kingly mien and noble hearts,
Which now were filled with real sorrow.

"Bob," the fair-haired soldier boy
Said, as he clasped his comrade's hand,
"To-morrow will bring either grief or joy
To thousands of homes in our sunny land.

"Bob, should I fall, to mother write;
Tell her I had no thought of fear;
That her boy was found in the thickest fight,
And freely died for the land so dear.

"Then one more song, Bob, let us sing,—
One song, my own loved home, of thee;
What precious memories it around me brings,
That home I never more may see!"

Clear and sweet on the night air still,
Their voices rose in pathos deep;
"Home, Sweet Home," the encampments fill,
And angels bend o'er the scene to weep.

The reveille beat at dawn of light;
The fair-haired boy led his brave band;
"Strike!" he cried, "for freemen's right;
For home and country bravely stand."

Night's sable curtains once more fall,
But no sweet songs the encampment fill;
No more will he wake to the reveille's call;
His bounding heart is cold and still.

And Bob his blanket sacredly folds
Around the form of his comrade dear,
And buries the brave boy, now so cold,—
His only epitaph—a soldier's tear.

NEWSPAPER NOTICES.

[*From the* NEWBERRY HERALD, *S. C.*]

POEMS AND SKETCHES.—We take infinite pleasure in calling the attention of the readers of the *Herald* to the pleasing fact that our intelligent correspondent, "Maggie" will at an early day give to the public a book of Poems and Sketches. The work is now in the hands of the publishers, Messrs. Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va., as will be seen in the advertisement in another column. We feel assured that this little volume will have a warm welcome from the many who have for so long a time been catered to so agreeably through the *Herald*. We bespeak an earnest interest. We shall give due notice of its appearance, and will be glad to receive subscriptions.

[*From the* HAMPTON GUARDIAN, *S. C.*]

A BOOK of Poems and Sketches, by a talented lady of the up country, who has been writing for some time under

the signature of "Maggie." This book will be a gem, and well worth the price. Subscriptions received at this office.

[*From the* SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, *Charleston, S. C.*]

MISS MAGGIE MCNINCH, of Williamston, S. C., a spirited writer of verse and prose, has compiled a small volume of her poems and sketches, which will soon be published by subscription. We bespeak an interest in the public for this new candidate for patronage and favor. Subscriptions will be received by Thomas F. Grenecker, editor *Newberry Herald*, and Whittet & Shepperson, publishers, Richmond, Va. Price $1.

[*From the* COLUMBIA REGISTER, *S. C.*]

A NEW SOUTHERN BOOK.—Miss Maggie McNinch, the well known and popular correspondent of the *Newberry Herald*, who has been writing under the name of "Maggie," has written a volume of short poems and sketches, which will be published by subscription. The volume will comprise from 100 to 150 pages, and not to exceed in price $1. Subscribers' names will be received

by Thomas P. Greneker, editor of the *Newberry Herald*, Newberry, S. C., or by Whittet & Shepperson, publishers, Richmond, Va. We are glad to see this, as every other, effort to create a Southern literature ; and we see no reason why, with proper encouragement, South Carolina should not develop as much native talent in this respect as other States have, and as much as she has herself developed in other respects. We have as inspiring traditions as any people on earth, as grand and beautiful scenery, as noble and intelligent people, and as great a future. All that is wanted is that whenever an author puts forth an effort, people should buy his book, and thus give him the encouragement of their approbation, and at the same time render that material aid so necessary to the successful pursuit of his work.

[*From the* ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER, *S. C.*]

MISS MAGGIE MCNINCH, an accomplished young lady of Williamston, has compiled a volume of from 100 to 150 pages of her poems and sketches, which will soon be published by subscription. Subscriptions will be received by Thos. F. Greneker, editor *Newberry Herald*, and Whittet & Shepperson, publishers, Richmond Va. Price, $1.

[*From the* ANDERSON JOURNAL, *S. C.*]

WE are glad to know that Miss Naggie McNinch, of Williamston, the well-known and popular correspondent of the *Newberry Herald*, who has been writing for some time past under the signature of "Maggie," has compiled a volume of her poems and sketches, which is soon to be published by subscription. The volume will contain from 100 to 150 pages, and the price will not exeeed $1. Subscribers' names will be received by Thos. F. Greneker, editor of the *Newberry Herald*, or by Whittet & Shepperson, publishers, Richmond, Va. We hope the citizens of South Carolina will encourage this effort to increase the literature of our country. Its succcess will assist in publishing to the world the high standard of our culture and civilization, and at the same time tend to attract favorable attention to the land of our pride. Send in your names at once.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, COLUMBIA, *S. C.*

I WISH you every success in the publication of your work, and herewith place my name on your subscription list. THOS. B. JETER.

Gov. of South Carolina.

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